

at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter. VOLUME 44......NO. 18,362.

Park Row, New York. Entered at the P

#### THE CHERRY HILL PARK.

On the Board of Health's map of tuberculosis areas in Manhattan the rate of mortality for the different wards is indicated by shading. In the region about Central Park, where the rate is less than 200 deaths per 100,000 of population, the shading is hardly discernible. From this it ranges in deepening tints to the Fourth Ward. where dense black proclaims the dread ravages of the

In this ward and in certain blocks of the Seventh the deaths reach nearly 600 per 100,000.

It is an awful record, fitly indicated by the black smear on the map.

In warring against this stronghold of disease the united afforts of the various settlement workers in the lower cost side are now directed to the establishment of a park on the adjacent Catharine street block bounded by Monroe, Market and Hamilton. This densely populated region has no breathing place. There is not even a playground for the children, whose only refuge from the sunless rooms, where they live in disease-breeding surroundings, is the street, relatively cleaner because of the daily application of hose and broom. It is a painful showing for a modern city. The conditions here have grown worse because of the enormous increase of the penned-in population, an increase of 65 per cent. in a decade, without onding expansion of housing accommodations.

on the war against consumption. This war, Dr. Biggs HAUNCEY DEPEW was on a Madipefully promises us, is to "save tens of thousands of lives for New York City in the next ten years." In view of enjoying it apparently. Like Dickens's the decrease of deaths from the disease last year, largely stantial smile." A friend jumped aboard the work of the tuberculosis infirmary, which cared for at Twenty-third street, and, spotting the 1,400 patients, the promise need provoke no incredulity.

But if a full proportion of consumption cures is to come from this blighted locality there will be need, first remarked, after a hearty hand-shake.

"Would you be sorry to see me look." by buildings, which is favored by Commissioner Willcox, is to clear a passage for pure air into diseased lungs.

### THE HUNTER'S BUSY SEASON.

The hunter is now abroad in the land in all his glory. At Saranac Lake he is shooting a guide by mistake for a deer, and in another part of the Adironidacks he is he, "you are not appearing as well to-killing the tame elk put there to propagate. On Staten the other fellow is looking remarkably Island he goes out for snipe and lodges the charge of well, though." shot in his companion's breast, killing him instantly. A season so auspiciously begun should break records. We ders. 'How did you know anything shall await with interest the full returns from Maine and the North Woods.

A rifle is a youth's proudest possession. The soldier when he first puts his uniform on and looks in the glass knows some of the feeling of the boy who fondles his first death-dealing repeater and foresees with roseate together in a crosstown car the other hopes the execution he is going to do with it. Such am- day when a man who looked as if he bitions must have an outlet, but it is a corrowful thing had just got out of a band box, he was when the target proves to be a human being.

Doubtless this popular interest in shooting-irons serves to keep the national standard of marksmanship, ama- The World, jotting occasionally on a tour and professional, as high as it is. But the chance pad something that apparently attracted mer in a sporting-goods store, noting how many his attention especially. rifies are sold, and noting also the character of the pur-the merchant to his newspaper friend. chasers, has his doubts as to the personal safety of the "Two certain ideas about that inother sportsmen in the woods.

### AMATEUR ENGINE DRIVERS.

Rushmore accident in the Ramene Mountains had this I have my suspicious about ture in common: They were due to the inability of the chauffeur to control his machine. In the one instance at the man in the corner and whiss high horse-power touring car, going at full speed, be pered: I know who he is. He does not look like it, does he, but he has anageable through the breaking of some part been connected with several burguaries of the machinery. In the other a locomobile runabout and highway robberies in this city." on a mountain road slipped its brake and shot backward th fatal results.

Many amateur chauffours, not excepting those in charge of high-power cars, have had little, if any, experience in changes when they take charge of their machine. They have mastered the rudiments; they know how to apply he recognized him end, holding out his and shut off the power, how to reverse and to put on the brake, and they gain an early acquaintance with steam gauge and gasoline injector. They are all right so long as nothing gives way or goes wrong. But in case of emergency they are without an engineer's resources. They lack familiarity with the complicated engine of which they are nominally in control.

The situation, in effect, is that of hundreds of inexperengineers in charge of private locomotives, capable by smash-up or mechanical defect of doing incalculable damage. In denominating death from an automobile as "manslaughter" Judge Dixon failed to include the cases where it is plain suicide.

### NO TEARS.

There seem to be no tears for the doomed enginehouse in City Hall Park, now in course of demolition. We had them in abundance when the hoary Hall of Records was taken down. That was a building of romantic associations. Had not the early patriots been confined in its dungeons? Latter-day patriots possess bricks from the cell where Ethan Allen was confined, all suitably labelled for posterity.

The brownstone engine-house evokes no such emotions. Admittedly, its going will improve the view of the new Hall of Records, an architecturally admirable structure, and provide room for crowds of pedestrians. Of each of these old landmarks it may be said that nothing in their existence becomes them so well as their destruction.

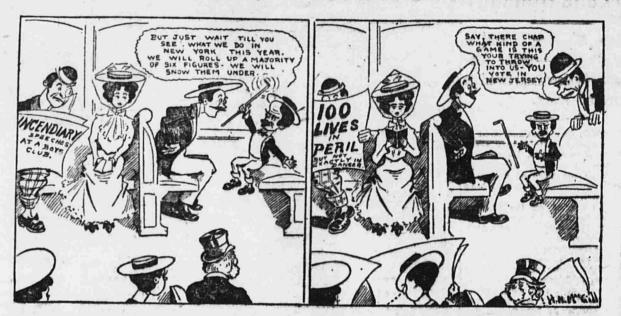
And yet the old engine-house has had associations of a sentimental nature. Out of it in response to the call of duty have rushed some of the bravest men in any service, military or marine. Into smoke-filled warerooms, over falling roof-trees, up scaling-ladders they have gone to the rescue of those in peril, heedless of their own at the communion table, looked rather afety. Some have returned maimed, others have lost disturbed. He knew the eccentric ways destrict of the girl, and be feared lest she might come in and distract the attention of the A fireman's calling is a matter of bread and butter. It congregation. And his fears were fulbrossic heroism, duly paid for. Yet it is of very fine filled—Pearl, still singing, entered the "Mr. Tempest," said R

Third Degree,"-The Evening World's serial for became aware of Pearl's burden, and a how I recovered the cup. I went up and power and interest, by Charles Ross Jackson, which gasp of astonishment went round. Still met Pratt. As I promised not to deliver woven into his mystery story a love cures, making his book doubly worth

## he Importance of Mr. Peewee. Haven't You Seen Him?

He Spreads Himself on Politics Until a Real, Everyday Citizen with a Vote Unmasks Him.





### Told About New Yorkers.

son avenue trolley car. The weather was delightful, and Chauncey was Senator, struggled into a seat beside

"Glad to see you looking so well," he ing otherwise such a day as this?" said

Chauncey, with a grin.
"Certainly I would, yet again I mightn't had you and I been fooling in a little game of cards last night and you'd got all the best of it."

Chauncey's face brightened up. "Come to look at things closely," said

Chauncey's friend shrugged his shoulabout it? You were not there!" he ax-

Then the two men laughed. Chauncey had hit the nail on the head.

A newspaper man and a well-know merchant in the dry-goods district were so neatly dressed, jumped aboard and quietly stowed himself in a corner. He at once began fumbling with a copy of

dividual. I've come across him in all sorts of planes where I have been scores of times. I've seen him, too, at hours when a man ought to be at work else-The Martin automobile accident in France and the where if he had anything legitimate to do. I'm a close observer, and I tell you

The newspaper man took a sly glance

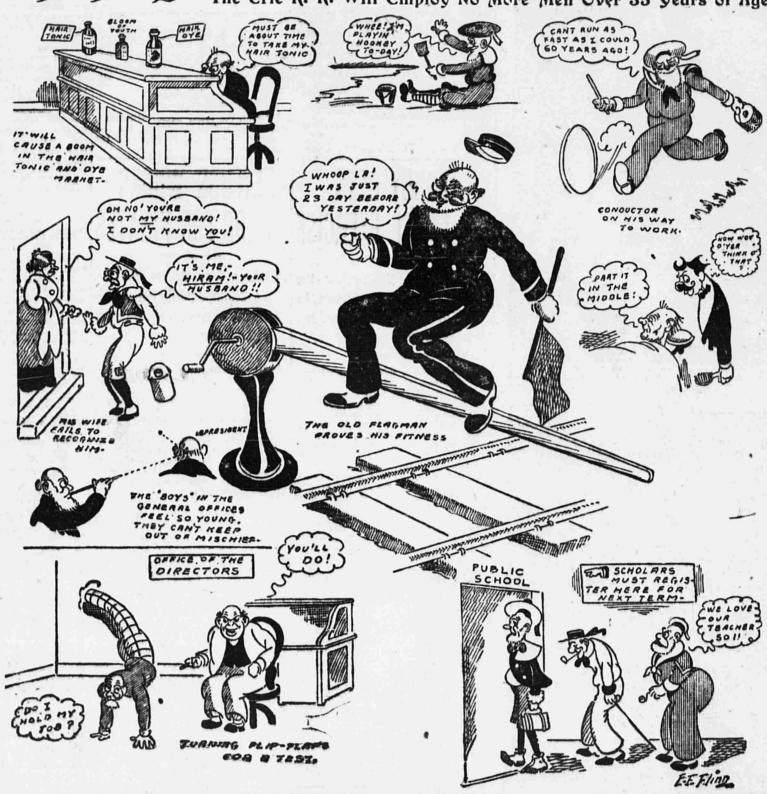
"Good heavens! You don't tell me so," exclaimed the dry-goods merchant. "Well, I wasn't far wrong in my suspicions, was IN At this stage of the proceedings the

man in the corner rose to go out of the car. As he passed the newspaper man hand, said, cheerily, "Glad to see you."
"Let me introduce you to my friend," remarked the newspaper man. The merchant returned a vigorous handshake rather weakly. As the man stepped off the car with a cheery smile

on his face the dry-goods dealer said:
"I didn't quite eatch on to his name:
what is it?"
McClusky, the Chief of Detectives
of this city," was the reply. The drygoods man collapsed. "As a 'clogs observer." said he, "I'm a dead failure,
and I'll give all my attention to drygoods hereafter."

## Youth Restored While You Wait.

The Erie R. R. Will Employ No More Men Over 35 Years of Age.



Get out your best cosmetics and rejuvenating dyes! Acquire a "Not Quite Twenty-One" expression of the eyes! Upholster all your bald spots and dispel those wrinkles dreary, If you expect to win your board by working on the Erie. 

# The Pagan's Gup 🗻

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Richard Frait, a somewhat mysterious American, settles in the English village of Colesiar, being vouched for by Mrs. Gebriel, lady at the manor. He gives the legal church a beautifugold cup. Leo. Mrs. Gebriel's naphew and edopted son, is in love with Syhll Tempest, the rector's daughter. Mrs. Gebriel wishes Leo to marry a Miss Hale and induces the girl's brother, Sir Frank Hale, to get Leo into his power. The cup is stolen from the church. Leo. through the agency of Mrs. Gabriel and Hale, is accused of stealing the cup. Frast is recognized by a detective as a notorious criminal. Leo finds that Fratt has some sort of a hold over Mrs. Gabriel. Fratt declares Leo is his own son. Lord Kilapondie, a wealthy nobleman, identifies the cup as stolen from him years ago by a woman who also stole his infant son.

(Copyright, 1902, by G. W. Dillingham Ca.) CHAPTER VI.

The Cup and the Heir.

THE service was almost over, and the church wardens were handing round the bags for the collection, when a sweet voice was heard singing in the distance. Everyone recognized the voice it was Pearl's and the vicar, kneeling church. The scandalized church warshe bore something which made them now. It was to see the man known as open their eyes. The congregation also Pratt. First," he said, "I must tell you

"The Master has forgiven Pearl," she anid in a voice which could be heard all sharply.
over the church. "She is saved and the Raston

bowed her face in her hands.
Suddenly a woman broke through the pounds for the cup. He took it to his crowd in the churchyard. It was Mrs. own place and when I was with him ne Jeal, and she was seeking Pearl. In her handed it to me."
haste she never noticed Lord Kilspindie.
"Come." said I

"You may burn me, you may put me "You may burn me, you may put me in prison," said Mrs. Jeal, savagely, "but I won't open my mouth."

Raston came forward. "I am able to fataer in slience. Lord Kilspindie gasped

deal with this matter," he said, quietly, and he too turned pale. Then he made "and I have a way of making the one stride forward, and grasping Leo's woman speak."

"Mr. Tempest," said Raston, "when I asked you if I might go to London I did dens would have kept her out but that not tell you my errand. I tell it to you met Pratt. As I promised not to deliver our fine of the G. W. Dillingham singing some wild, vague melody, the mad girl walked slowly up the aisle, becaring his book doubly worth was almost at the chancel steps. Jeal's story that he had the cup he went know how obstinate she is Pratt then woman, resolutely.

"Pratt's story had a great deal to do out Mrs. Jeal's points he woman had spoke." When he went woman had spoke. When he went with his wife, my lord, and on several out the contents on the table. Frest knew the pawnbroker points he referred me to her. I told him that she would never speak, for I well knew the chancel steps. Jeal's story that he had the cup he went knew how obstinate she is Pratt then Kilepindie.

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "A Coin of Edward VII.," &c

to get it back and to learn who had agreed to help me, 'for Leo's sake,' he "What was Pratt's power over Mrs pawned it."

who did?" asked the vicar, "And pected. "Mrs. Jeal pawned tt," said he.
'z'ratt got all this out of Old Penny.

"Come," said Kilspindie, "there is some good in the man."

"He has to make reparation to you, my lord," said Raston, solemnly, "for he is this woman's husband, and it was "The cup and then the heir!" he said by his direction that your son was loudly, while all looked on amazed. "Jastolen. Yes." here the curate pointed net Grant, where is my son, Lord Morto Leo. "and there is your son."

Leo rose slowly, as pale as a corpse. ands stared into his face. "Yes," he

an, is this true?" he demanded.
"I can make her speak," said Raston, taking an envelope out of his pocket, power. I must reply." "and here is the means of doing so. She can repeat to you the story Pratt told his hand on Leo's shoulder.

"Pratt's story had a great deal to do out Mrs. Jest pened this, and spread

"if you tell the story of how you stole But Lee, with a nod, was making for the child and prove that Mr. Haver-the door. "I must tell Sybil," he said,

leigh is really Lord Morven. I will hand and vanished.

this letter to you with the seal unbroken. If you refuse, I will open the father went in search of him. They envelope now and act on the contents. found him sitting hand in hand with Pratt assured me that what is contained Sybil in the drawing-room. "It's really berein would cost you much more than wonderful, wonderful!" she was saying. herein would cost you much more than your liberty!"

"Give it to me," she muttered in a husky tone, and stretching out her hand for the envelope Raston withdrew it said the voice of Mr. Tempest. beyond her reach. "Not until you have told us the story,"

he said. "Will one of you gentlemen go to my cottage," she said, "and open the third drawer in the chest of drawers in my

bedroom standing opposite to the door? There you will find a parcel wrapped up immediately. Ask me what questions you like," she said, "I am in your "Is this my son?" asked Kilspindie

"Yes. That is Lord Morven!" The "I'll not say a word," muttered the servant entered with the parcel of which

said. He wrote out something and Gabriel?"
placed what he had written in this en"She was married to Pratt in Switzer velope. I did not see what it was and land. She does not know that he had I do not know now. The envelope is a wife living there, and since she marsealed as you see. Now," added the ried Gabriel and as his widow inherited curate, looking at Mrs. Jeal, who was the Gabriel wealth Prait, who deserted beginning to show signs of uneasiness, her, has blackmailed her continuously.

> "And your father will let me marr you now, darling," said Lee.

"If you will grant him your pardon," Leo shook the vicar's hand, kissed Sybil, and Kilspindle smiled, well

(THE END.)

The Third Degree

BY CHARLES ROSS JACKSON. A Great Detective Story.

By permission of G. W. Dillingham Company, publishers, this splendid story of a love mystery will appear in The Evening World, beginning next Monday and ending Saturday, Sept. 19.



HEAR there's a plan on foot to have the Legislature pass a law legalizing boxing in New York this winter," said the Cigar Store Man.

"What's the use?" answered The Man Higher Up. "Why pay five bones or more to see a fight in Madison Square Gar-den when you can pay five cents for a ride on the Brooklyn Rotten Transit any time and see a series of knockouts?
There is something about the atmosphere of a B. R. T. canthat makes a man want to challenge for the championship of the world.

"It begins at the bridge. You may start to get on a car or a train there with your mind as placid as a salad dressing and your heart so full of the milk of human kindness that you feel like a creamery. First your feet are stepped on, then your ribs are dented, your clothes are torn and somebody has sunk his elbow into your abdomen until you are afraid he will lose his arm. By this time your placid mind has become a mud spring of hatred and the milk of human kindness has turned into cheeks.

"If you happen to get a seat and look around every man you see glares at you and sticks his law out. There is an invitation to go to the floor in every eye. It is nothing unusual to see two men who have never observed each other before stand up and begin to pass out uppercuts and hooks

"If there is no passenger on the train or ear you think; you would like to lick, the conductor will always accommodate you. He does so many things to make you went to take a fall out of him that you wish you wers an intimate friend of a friend of 'Monk' Eastman. "A man who loves his peace and comfort, but won't be imposed upon, who gets through a season of riding on the Brooklyn Rotten Transit without having two or three fights goes to see his doctor to find out if there is anything

the matter with him. I have seen little men with chests like sparrows' and blosps you could clean a gaspipe with go after burlies twice their size on a B. R. T. train.
"I have often wondered why Bob Fitzsimmons, Gus Ruhlin, Jack Munroe, Tom Sharkey and other pugilists live at Bath Beach, Bensonhurst and Sheepshead Bay. The swer is that they want to keep in training. You will take

notice that they are always in condition. For this they are

indebted to the Brooklyn Rotten Transit, "If the management was in any way progressive the tripe up and down the line might be made most enjoyable for the passengers. A set of boxing gloves and a referee should be carried on every car. Then the frequent contests could be pulled off in regulation style and the passengers would have time to make bets between the rounds."

"I shouldn't think there would be room enough on the B. R. T. cars to allow fighting," remarked the Clear Store Man.
"The only way you can get any room is to start a fight." said The Man Higher Up.

### A "LINER'S" WASH.

When an Atlantic liner with, say, 2,000 people on board, reaches port, the "wash" quickly follows the passengers ashore. Its size depends upon the number of passengers carried and the length of the voyage. It may range from 8,000 to 25,000 pieces, consisting mainly of sheets, tables napkins, towels, &c.

apkins, towels, &c.

The separate lots are put into washers holding a solution.

The separate lots are put into washers holding a solution.

The of soap and water and bluing, heated by live steam, washer is a large stationary cylinder, containing a smaller perforated cylinder, which revolves first to the right and then to the left a stated number of times, so that the linen is tossed from side to side and receives the benefit of all the water that is forced through the perforations. After the washing is completed the pieces are placed in the extractor. and then by centrifugal force nearly every drop of moisture s whirled out of them. The operation consumes about fit. teen minutes, and then they are ready for the mangle, or, in: other words, ready to be ironed—the final process.

Some pieces can be washed, wrung and troned in thirty minutes, while others take one and one-half hours. The "wash" from an ocean liner is usually returned within twenty-four hours, but when necessity arises the work can be finished in less than a third of that time. Some of the American laundries handling steamship and railway work have a weekly capacity of 700,000 pieces.

### A "WAKING MACHINE."

An ingenious cadet of an English scientific corps made use of electricity to wake him in the morning and boil his coffee at the same time. The minute hand of his clock was made to bring two spring contacts together and thus send an electric current to ring the rising bell. The current, at the same time, actuated a small electro-magnet, which allowed some sub-phuric acid to run out of a spoon and ignite a match, which, in turn, lighted a spirit lamp under the coffee boiler. By the time he was dressed his coffee was hot.

### SPANISH ENTERPRISE.

The shoemakers of Madrid, Spain, recently combined to encourage dancing with the object of wearing out as much shoe leather as possible. They hired several dancing ball and charged 10 cents admission. Each admission tioks bears a coupon, twenty of which entitle the owner to a new pair of shoes free of charge at the union store.

### HARVEST TIME.

THE world is brilliant in its gala dress, And with a wistful, new-found tenderness She yields the harvest of the passing year; And peace drifts on the slumberous etmospi Oh, anay I age as peacefully and calm, Each passing year bring naught but added ch Of tender, loving graciousness, and may
The world be better that I've passed this way,
And may I have no cause for bitter tears
When harvasting the fruitage of the years.
CORA M. W. GREENING